

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

PUBLISHERS: GEORGE KNAPP & CO.
 Charles W. Knapp, President and General Manager.
 George J. Allen, Vice President.
 W. B. Carr, Secretary.
 Office: Corner Seventh and Olive Streets,
 (REPUBLIC BUILDING).

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 DAILY AND SUNDAY—SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK.
 By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.
 One year.....\$3.00
 Six months.....1.50
 Three months......75
 Any three days except Sunday—one year.....2.00
 Sunday, with Magazine......50
 Special Mail Edition, Sunday......1.25
 Sunday Magazine......1.25
 BY CARRIER—ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS.
 Per week, daily only.....2 cents
 Per week, daily and Sunday.....11 cents
 TWICE-A-WEEK ISSUE.
 Published Monday and Thursday—One Year.....\$1.00
 Remit by bank draft, express money order or registered letter.

Address: THE REPUBLIC,
 St. Louis, Mo.
 17 Rejected communications cannot be returned under any circumstances.
 Entered in the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.
 DOMESTIC POSTAGE.....PER COPY.
 First, ten and twelve pages.....1 cent
 Sixteen, eighteen and twenty pages.....2 cents
 Twenty-two or twenty-eight pages.....3 cents
 Thirty pages.....4 cents

THE REPUBLIC IS ON FILE at the following places:
 LONDON—Trafalgar building, Northumberland avenue, room 7.
 PARIS—10 Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opera and St. Rue Cambon.
 BERLIN—Euphonia Gebäude, 19 Friedrichstrasse.
 TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
 Counting Room.....Main 211 Klatohs
 Editorial Reception Room.....Main 254 A 64

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1904.

Circulation During August.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of August, 1904, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1.....	108,117	17.....	108,280
2.....	107,500	18.....	107,850
3.....	108,030	19.....	107,970
4.....	117,510	20.....	114,810
5.....	107,140	21 (Sunday).....	125,000
6.....	110,790	22.....	110,190
7 (Sunday).....	124,190	23.....	108,090
8.....	107,740	24.....	108,830
9.....	107,550	25.....	108,100
10.....	107,740	26.....	108,290
11.....	108,300	27.....	119,330
12.....	107,420	28 (Sunday).....	122,000
13.....	108,450	29.....	108,540
14 (Sunday).....	124,130	30.....	108,200
15.....	107,890	31.....	109,020
16.....	108,030		

Total for the month.....3,450,130
 Less all copies spotted in printing, left over or filed.....85,220

Net number distributed.....3,364,910
 Average daily distribution.....108,545
 And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of August was 2.3 per cent.
 W. B. CARR.
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of August.
 J. F. FARISH
 My term expires April 30, 1905.

TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS.

Investigations which have been conducted by the Illinois State Board of Health fully confirm the opinions held by physicians of wide experience that all conditions which are essential for the efficacious treatment of tuberculosis exist in this part of the country. The comparative statistics imply that conditions here are even better in some respects than at the places so long heralded.

The object of these investigations was to ascertain whether the construction of sanatoria and the establishment of open-air farms or colonies would be justified; whether such benefits as are acquired in well-known districts in the West and the South could be produced here. Experience in the treatment of consumptives, without either change of climate or of abode, had convinced many physicians that former theories were founded upon hopelessness, and that, if the newly recognized methods would be applied scrupulously and confidently, as satisfactory results could be achieved hereabouts as at certain distant consumption resorts.

It was this belief which prompted Health Commissioner Simon and the Civic Improvement League's tuberculosis committee, which comprises in its membership the best medical talent in St. Louis, to advocate the establishment of sanatoria in this city and in an altitudinous locality in the State, and which caused the erection more than a year ago of a large private hospital in St. Louis. In showing that the conditions in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and surrounding States are favorable for the cure of tuberculosis, the report of the Illinois State Board of Health becomes an argument for the establishment of sanatoria. And it is to be hoped that these States and the cities of these States will not delay any longer than circumstances necessitate in providing facilities for the treatment of tuberculosis patients practically at home.

The Illinois report compares the conditions in an Illinois town with those which are found at Saranac Lake in New York, at Chestnut Hill in Philadelphia and at Rutland in Massachusetts, where there are sanatoria. And Doctor J. A. Egan, the secretary of the Illinois State Board of Health, says that "we find that in Illinois we have altitude as great, less rainfall, more sunshine, equally as good soil, as satisfactory barometric conditions and more satisfactory average of temperature than any of them."

Education has impressed upon the people, as the popularity of the Illinois report indicates, the medical dictum that tuberculosis is not only a preventable but also a curable disease. The report, which was issued in July, again in August and again in September, announced to the public the methods for preventing and for curing this malady; and the demand for this information was so great that each edition was exhausted immediately after publication. It is obvious, therefore, that the public has accepted the view that the disease can be treated as efficaciously in this part of the country as anywhere else.

For the prevention of tuberculosis it is necessary that the public should have such advice as the report furnishes. But for the cure of tuberculosis it is necessary that the States and the cities should establish sanatoria. As an inducement to build a State sanatorium in Illinois a wealthy citizen offers \$10,000 to the Board of Health. This tender is commended to other wealthy citizens of Illinois, of Missouri, of Iowa and of adjoining States.

DIAZ AT ST. LOUIS.

The election of Ramon Corral as Vice President of Mexico practically determined his succession to the highest office upon the retirement of Porfirio Diaz, and this adjustment of a serious political condition relieves all anxiety as to the perpetuation of governmental stability. Since Diaz became President the nation has been at peace with itself and with the world. Instead of revolutions it has cultivated prosperity and fostered progress, beginning the new century in closer similarity to and in closer

sympathy with the United States than is any other people.
 Having now assurances, patriotic and political, that advancement will continue and that the tranquillity will last, Diaz is ready to surrender his authority and responsibilities. His work is finished, and his final mission is to confer his personal prestige upon his successor. Save that he has to fix the foundations of the equilibrium, he is absolutely free of official cares.

When President Francis first tendered Diaz an invitation to come to the St. Louis Exposition as a special guest Mexican state affairs were complicated. The invitation was extended two years ago, and referred to the early period of the Exposition. But Mexico then had no Vice President, and Diaz alone held the country's confidence; he could not think of a prolonged trip far beyond the boundaries.

Circumstances have changed lately. President Francis has sent a special Commissioner with a second and more earnest invitation, and it is considered to be almost a certainty that Diaz will accept and that he will come very soon. In fact, the invitation is so sincere, complimentary and pressing that no doubt is felt about Diaz's visit. Diaz has been deeply impressed with the Exposition's influence in promoting the friendliest relations among all Governments of America. The superb President's Band of Mexico, which was assigned to the Exposition for a brief season, has received official orders to remain, and this act, in connection with others of greater significance, is believed to imply that the President surely will come.

No President or monarch would be as welcome in the United States as Diaz. He is admired here as a truly great man. His early career reads like the romantic fiction of Dumas. It is replete with turmoil and courage and shrewdness. The latter part of his life is conspicuous for the patriotism, wisdom, resolution and fairness which he applied as President to give his country commercial solidity and governmental stability. Diaz was neither king nor lord protector in name, but as President he was more than both in fact, for, although he was supreme, he was too prudent and too patriotic and too American to be otherwise than democratic. This is the grand character which it will be the honor of St. Louis to entertain, not royally, but fittingly, demonstratively and spontaneously, before the close of the Exposition.

ST. LOUIS DAY.

All of us and at least 100,000 more, the more being strangers from everywhere, intend to be at the World's Fair Thursday from the breakfast hour until bedtime. We shall arrive at the grounds "in throngs," as our friend William Shakespeare would say, and we'll bring the price of admission with us. For Thursday will be St. Louis Day.

Every big store and factory and building and establishment in town will be closed. Nobody will work. Nobody will be allowed to die even. The undertakers have announced that they will not manage any funerals. It is expected that the whole town will stay wide awake and that the World's Fair grounds will be alive with live people. The attendance must be 500,000 at least, and the gate receipts must show an attendance of 700,000 at least.

Corporations and firms have agreed to close their establishments and practically all of them have arranged to purchase tickets for their employees. These tickets are presents, and they should not be offered at the gate Thursday; it is impolite to give away presents. These tickets should be kept as souvenirs; they represent the margin of public pride. And all who get such tickets from their employers should purchase admission tickets. The receipts for St. Louis Day should be the largest for any day in the life of the Exposition.

No resident of St. Louis should stay away from the grounds Thursday. The presence of every man, woman and child in the city is required. It would be a noble feat if every person who enters the grounds should pay for his ticket. Nobody should offer a ticket which he has received as a present. Nobody should tender a pass. Nobody should value 50 or 25 cents above his civic spirit.

The special programme and the regular programme promise a celebration which will be worth more than the equivalent of a month's salary to everybody who will attend. The festivities are such that, in addition to the extraordinary magnitude and merit of the Exposition, the event will be surpassing in every respect. Beside the call of patriotism, there is, for attending, the assurance that the celebration will be interesting and entertaining. St. Louis Day will be the greatest event of the Exposition.

A RULER MISUNDERSTOOD.

The fact that, by reason of his country's scheme of government, the Emperor of Russia is an autocrat, and that he is the head of the Greek Church and, therefore, by his own people accounted a holy person, has led to the impression that he is difficult of access, most reserved and even austere. "No sovereign of Europe probably is more misunderstood," says Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press. "On the contrary, the czar is one of the most democratic sovereigns in the world."

Last February, while in St. Petersburg, without any warning, Mr. Stone received a command to an audience with the czar. He was notified that he would have the honor of being received in audience the following day at 3:30, and that he would be expected to present himself at the Empress's door of the Winter Palace. There was no indication on the engraved card, as is usual, of the costume to be worn; but the messenger advised him that the costume expected would consist of the ordinary American evening dress, with the black buttons upon the coat and waistcoat replaced by gold ones.

Shortly before the appointed hour, by arrangement with the American Ambassador, Mr. McCormick, Mr. Stone called at the embassy, and his state carriage was put at his disposal. To the footman, who is a most important functionary, seven of Mr. Stone's cards were handed, and they set out. Precisely at 3:30 they arrived at the Empress's door.

"On descending from the carriage," says Mr. Stone, "a servant in the palace livery of red coat and waistcoat, knee breeches and white stockings, with capeau, advanced and in the hallway removed my arctic overshoes and took my coat and hat. Then I was taken in charge by an usher, peculiar to the Russian court, a fat, round-faced, unshaven fellow, in the same livery, but wearing, instead of the capeau, an extraordinary red velvet cap, from which stretched out an enormous ostrich

plume. . . . He led the way, and I followed at his heels. He could not speak a word of English or French, and my movements were indicated by pantomime. . . . We passed through corridors after corridors until a great white hall was reached, where we suddenly came face to face with what seemed to be an entire company of troops. . . . The moment my guide approached an order was given in Russian by the commanding officer and the company clapped their silver and gold helmets on their heads, rose and presented arms. . . . Finally after an interminable tramp we entered a small antechamber. . . . In a corner on a sofa sat a young man in the costume of an officer of the Imperial Guards. He rose, advanced and called me by name, announcing himself as the Grand Duke Andre, a cousin of the Emperor. . . . A door was then opened and a servant announced that the Emperor awaited me. Upon entering the room, which seemed to be a library or study, I found his Majesty alone, standing by the table. I attempted to follow the prescribed regulations for addressing a sovereign, which call for three formal bows, one on entering the room, one as you approach him and a third as you address him. After the first salutation, however, he stepped forward, extended his hand, and said pleasantly: 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Stone.'

Mr. Stone's description of his call and subsequent meetings with the czar and of the manner in which the Russian censorship was abolished forms a most interesting article, "My Talk With the Czar," which will be a feature of next Sunday's Republic Magazine. This alone makes the number worth the reader's while—but it is only one of a number of excellent features.

Richard LeGallienne contributes a happy bit of fiction.
 Marshall P. Wilder talks about "The Sunny Side of the Street."
 Marie Corelli trenchantly discusses "The Social Blight."
 Carolyn Wells, famous for fun, writes "Over the Rainbow."
 Edgar Wilton Cooley, humorist, contributes "Twin Tokens of Timothy."

There are in next week's issue good stories, illustrated descriptive articles, clever sketches of a sprightly and amusing nature, and some rattling verses by R. K. Munkittrick, Edwin L. Sabin, Wallace Irwin and others. The pictures are beautiful, and the colored cover design is fit to frame.

It is regrettable, perhaps, that the American Society of Professional Dancing Masters did not approve the Igorrothe step. But the experts may have feared that the Igorrothe music would be a necessary accessory.

If there are no objections, the World's Fair jurors will be permitted to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in December.

Until viaducts and bridges are built it would be appropriate to call these death-lurking tracks grave-crocodiles.

Should anybody be seen on a downtown street Thursday, we'll turn loose the Igorrothe and the Moros.

There is no objection to Captain Baldwin's sleeping near his shipmates. But what's the sense in dreaming about flying machines?

We are becoming so used to monster parades which are really monstrous that we could stand a few real monsters in them.

RECENT COMMENT.

The Porto Rico Cigar.

New York Sun.
 No one could have been more prejudiced against Porto Rican cigars than I was. I had tried some of the product of the island and had found them bitter, strong and musty. These cigars were tossed aside without much thought, but later they came to my attention, and, trying one, I came to the conclusion that they were not so bad as they had been represented. Taking them to one of our best tobacconists, I was very much surprised to find them in small order. From that time we have been daily increasing our output, until now the demand is so great that we are hardly able to fill our orders.

We have increased our plantation by buying new lands. We raise most of our own tobacco, and attend entirely to its curing and the manufacture of our cigars.

This year with careful cultivation our percentage of wrappers was over 90, while the native tobacco, uncultivated and uncured, does not yield more than 60 per cent.

We are now employing the same methods in caring for our crops and in curing our tobacco as are used in Cuba, and while this is more expensive than the Porto Rican way, we have been more than repaid by the superior quality of the product. The quality of the tobacco and the large increase of our crop. Each shipment of cigars seems better than the last, and we really think we are manufacturing a cigar which, while not equaling the Cuban product, is far superior to the domestic, and proves conclusively that a good cigar can be made from the despised Porto Rican tobacco—a cigar which is mild in flavor and agreeable in quality.

My belief is strong in the future of Porto Rico. Her great resources are still lying undeveloped, waiting for American capital, which is sure to come, and which will take hold of them, develop them and raise them to the high state of excellence which will place her in the position in the world which is hers by right.

European Excursions to the Exposition.

New York Herald.
 The year the westward rush probably will be greater than ever before, although the figures cannot be fairly compared until the season has ended, September being the biggest month for ships coming this way. The World's Fair in St. Louis is responsible for this. Many of the greater lines have arranged excursion rates from European ports in view of the Exposition and thousands of foreigners are seeking the opportunity to come over. The Hamburg-American Line alone has had eleven excursions this season.

Perhaps a better notion of the great numbers of persons coming and still to come back to America may be had from the fact that up to June 15 last, when the season for European travel had barely opened, as many as 12,339 first-class passengers had already gone abroad. It would be fair to estimate that half as many again went in July, so that we have in the travel of those two months something like 35,000. Taking all the lines, big and little, these figures would mount much higher, and this, be it remembered, does not include steerage passengers.

Mistaken Idea.

Chicago Tribune.
 Horrified Matron: "What's this, little boy? Fighting? Oh, dear me!"
 Dicky: "This ain't no fight, mam. It's a foot race. Stand up an' face me like a man, ye dog-on coward! Don't ye see the lady's lookin' at us?"

Unamerican Mr. James.

Harper's Weekly.
 The first thing Mr. Henry James did, upon his return to America after an absence of twenty years, was to go to a post office and ask for a 3-cent stamp.

Sweet Sympathy.

New York Herald.
 Actors who have been "barn-storming" will feel for General Kuropatkin, who is doing "one-night stands" now.

Shy.

"So their engagement is broken?"
 "Yes; they were both too shy to get married."
 "What?"
 "Well, you see, he was shy of money, and she got shy of him when she found it out."

SENTIMENT AND CRUELTY STRANGELY COMBINED IN THE CZAR'S SOLDIERS.

By COUNT VON BINDER-KRIEGLSTEIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It was at Mukden, as I was bargaining for some provisions in an American store, that I first had face to face with a typical Russian soldier.

A man about 25, built as a college athlete, with magnificent black hair and beard and dark expressive eyes, entered the store and greeted me in the most friendly manner and went over to the counter and asked if he could have a bottle of zabrovka, a cheap Russian whiskey.

The American said that he could, and, as he handed him the bottle, he asked, the soldier, without asking the price, three three silver rubles on the counter.

The Armenian hesitated a moment—the price of the zabrovka was two rubles—and then gave him sixty kopeks. With his knowledge of the Russian character, he knew that the soldier would feel ashamed to ask about the price in the presence of strangers.

The Siberian Rifle guard looked at the sixty kopeks and after a moment's thought pushed the money toward the storekeeper.

"You may as well keep the change, little fellow," the Armenian said, as if he were greatly offended, and replied: "But, my little dove, it costs only two rubles and forty."

The soldier does not deny him an answer, and lighting his cigarette, offers as his case that he may help himself. My friend—a Frenchman, who have been in the country for some time, who he said: "Take one, or he will feel offended; so I follow their advice, and in return ask for a bottle of 'Madrin,' which here in times of war costs three rubles, while the regular price is eighty kopeks."

With perfect ease, this common soldier accepts my invitation, and it is only his difficulty that I can keep him from sending for another bottle. When I ask him if he intends to empty his bottle of zabrovka to-day, he denies it smilingly, with the words: "I am a Russian soldier," which he says as he looks at me with a certain pride.

Over the wine we soon become fast friends. The soldier tells us his name and speaks of his wife and child and how the grain had just begun to get green when he left home and how he had grown two inches in his family, which he presently produces from an inner pocket, and asks permission to let the Armenian read to him, as he is sorry to say that he does not know how to read himself.

The contents of the letters touch him deeply and soon the tears roll down his cheeks as he listens to his wife's letters of endearment and wishes for his safe return, and when the Armenian has finished about the

A lifelong invalid writes me that she made human beings very thoughtful and selfish. She is confident that were she able-bodied and well she would be more considerate of the suffering ones of earth. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

lethal reading and gives him back the letter he can no longer control his emotion, and says, smiling in an embarrassed manner through his tears: "And when I now get down to the Yaku to be shot by the Japanese I will get no more letters from my little dove. I hope your excellencies will forgive a plain soldier."

Of course, we forgive him. But when we come out into the street the soft-hearted, good-natured fellow draws his bayonet and makes a furious lunge at a passing dog, as if to show that his sentimentality was not genuine, but from forming heroic deeds at the right time and place.

That the occasion was not very well chosen never occurs to this child of nature.

Thus is the Russian soldier a mixture of slavish sentimentality and Asiatic brutality, but even his peculiar character makes him a soldier as no other, with the possible exception of the Turk. He fanatically, his lack of criticism, when makes him respond to orders with the automatic action of a machine; his indomitable courage and contempt of danger, and his patience under sufferings and privations of all kinds are unsurpassed. These qualities make the Russian almost useless for offense, for all active and independent action, as he sees in all opposition which he cannot overcome in the first assault an unsurmountable obstacle.

He is, however, ready to sacrifice his life as an unquestioned duty. He knows that when a dangerous attack is made, it is not, as in our army, the officer who leads, but the private soldier, who, after having made the sign of the cross, will step on a mine to make it explode, or, as in the Korietz and Varsa, throw himself upon the enemy's bayonets, his strength and die with a heroism which is wonderful.

He has a great contempt for everybody who is not a soldier, and when on guard will scrutinize with minute care the passport of every civilian whom he does not know, while he will let a soldier whom he has never seen before pass without questioning.

Under no circumstance will he criticize the commands of his superior officers, but will carry them out to the letter, no matter how foolish they may appear to a man with sound judgment. Neither will he lose courage, even when he has been beaten, and will quietly bear the defeat of a campaign of years, and win at last if his officers do not give up the game.

He never grows or complains if he must starve, and when he once more gets something to eat he considers it as a wholly undeserved grace of God, and appreciates as a child every kind word spoken to him by his officers. When off duty he is as playful as a kitten, and sings and dances outside his tent, in the barracks or in the street, giving himself up fully to the enjoyment with the abandon of a child.

The many attacks in the English and Japanese press which describe him as a monster of cruelty are exceedingly unjust. He is never cruel, though often brutal. He is entirely devoid of the cold love of murder and torture which is characteristic of the Japanese and other Mongolians, but a wounded enemy cannot count on being pitied or nursed by him, and if he is wounded he will kill him with the bayonet or a blow of the butt of his gun to put him out of misery, but he will never mutilate a corpse or enjoy torturing an enemy as I have seen the Japanese soldiers do scores of times, both in this war and during the war against the Boxers.

Many Russian officers who have themselves served in the ranks treat their men as if they were their own children and are loved by them in return with a love for which no sacrifice is too dear.

There is in the Russian soldier no falsehood, no deceit, no ambition, no dissimulation with his lot, but also no deeper sense of duty.

He is incapable of deep hatred, and I have never heard one of them threaten or bully a Japanese prisoner. He returns from an unsuccessful attack with a smile on his face and smilingly admits that he has been defeated once more and adding: "Nitschewo (that does not matter, only wait till Father Kuropatkin gets them, then you will see the Japanese run).

Always hopeful, always happy, when wounded in hospital impatient to recover that he may be allowed to go to the front once more, singing or dancing, even when half starved, soaked with rain, numb with cold or almost prostrated with heat, giving himself up fully to the enjoyment of the moment, without a care or thought of the morrow, the Russian soldier is the military ideal.

One cannot help loving him, and he makes friends everywhere.

Should Russia come out of this war victorious, as she undoubtedly will, the honor will not belong to her officers, but to her private soldiers.

I do not hesitate to say that the plain Russian soldier, once placed in position, would fight better if the officers would leave the defensive fighting to him without interfering. He needs to be spurred on to attack, but when the defensive he will voluntarily fight for the last inch.

A soldier of this kind would be able to serve far greater tasks when led by intelligent officers; his courage would never fail. Only the leaders have failed and will continue to fail as long as our Russian officers have become gentlemen; then the Russian armies shall be invincible.

OBLIGATIONS OF THE SICK TO THEIR MORE FORTUNATE ASSOCIATES.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

A lifelong invalid writes me that she made human beings very thoughtful and selfish. She is confident that were she able-bodied and well she would be more considerate of the suffering ones of earth. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

Two or three beautiful exceptions to this rule I recall with tender memories—lovely human beings very thoughtful and selfless. Observation has taught me to think the world in general very kind and sympathetic toward invalids, and invalids, as a rule, seemed very inconsiderate of the people about them.

I have seen scores of sick people who were utterly oblivious of the fact that one in good health could become worn out in mind and body, by continual drains upon the vital forces.

advice of experienced friends who urge upon her the necessity for daily exercises in deep breathing, fails to induce her to practice it. She knows it is necessary, but she forgets or neglects to fill her entire lung space with fresh air every day.

If she drifts into chronic bronchial weakness or pulmonary troubles she will regard it as a dispensation of cruel fate. It will be simply her own fault. She could develop robust respiratory organs by persistent effort.

The large majority of even sensible people are no wiser in the matter of avoiding or curing sickness in the first stages. I have known a woman who was crippled and a great sufferer from birth to be a living sunbeam wherever she passed, and have known a crippled man to make the whole world better for his having lived.

Both were full of praises for humanity, both found the human race considerate and kind and thoughtful.

Perhaps it was because they themselves were so full of unselfishness that they beheld in others the same qualities. Most of our fellow men are a reflection of our own minds.

From my own brief experiences with temporary illness I know how all absorbing our physical ailments become, but